And our induction full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and cooſin *Glendower*, wil you ſit downe?
And vncle *Worceſter*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

Glen. No, heere it is; ſit cooſin *Percy*, ſit good cooſin *Hotſpur*; for by that name, as often as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeake of you, his checke lookes pale, and with a riſing ſigh hee wiſheth you in Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as hee heares *Owen Glendower* ſpoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of firie ſhapes,
Of burning Creſſets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your mothers Cat had but kitned, though your ſelfe had neuer beene borne.

Glen. I ſay, the Earth did ſhake when I was borne.

Hot. And I ſay, the Earth was not of my minde,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.

Glen. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth ſhooke to ſee the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie:
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrange eruptions, and the teeming Earth,
Is with a kinde of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of vnruly Winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and topples downe
Steeples, and moſſe-growne Towers. At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.

Glen. Cooſin, of many men
I doe not beare theſe croſſings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The Goats ranne from the Mountaines; and the Heards
Were ſtrange'y clamorous to the frighted Fields,

Theſe ſignes haue markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courſes of my life doe ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men:
Where is the liuing, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Banks of *England, Scotland*, and *Wales*,
Which cals me pupill, or hath read to me,
And bring him out that is but Womans ſonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of *Art*,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke there's no man ſpeaks better *Welſh*,
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace cooſen *Percy* you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call Spirits from the vaſty deepe.

Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach thee cooſen, to command the Diuel.

Hot. And I can teach thee cooſen to ſhame the Diuell,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and ſhame the Diuell.
If thou haue power to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And Ile be ſworne, I haue power to ſhame him hence.
Oh while you liue, tell truth, and ſhame the Diuell.

Mor. Come, come no more of this vnprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Againſt my power, thrice from the bankes of *Wye*,
And Sandy bottom'd *Seuerne* haue I ſent him
Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without Bootes, and in foule weather too?
How ſcapes he agues in the diuels name?

Glen. Come, here is the Map, ſhall we diuide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The *Arch-deacon* hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from *Trent*, and *Seuerne* hitherto,
By South and Eaſt, is to my part aſſignde,
All Weſtward *Wales* beyond the *Seuerne* ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound
To *Owen Glendower*: and deare cooſe, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*,